Ivy of Ireland in my garden grows Beside the foxglove that the wild bee knows, More dear to me than lavender or rose

Gray moths about me flit, and gold wasps hum The bees salute it softly as they come. The east wind loiters by it and is dumb

Or whispers very lightly of green rings, The hollow raths, the fairy people springs And buried days when Boholaun had wings And rode amid the unforgotten Shee.

Or the west wind comes laughing from the sea And tells the youngest leaves of days to be, When Erin's grievous wound is healed and she Shall lift her gracious head and, smiling, see Her children coming crowned about her knee. Ivy of Ireland, is the promise clear? You climb toward the light 'twixt hope and

fear, But would to God the day we wait were here! —From "Under Quicken Boughs," by Nova Hopper.

WITCH AND I.

Witch and I had a quarrel. Who is it that says that it takes two to make a quarrel? Whoever it is makes a mistake. It took only one to make our quarrel, and that was my precious Aunty Betsy Jane? Witch has a temper; so have L. She wasn't christened Witch. God fathers and mothers have much to answer for; still I never heard of their giving Witch as a baptismal name to a Christian child. No, her name is Julia Felicia, which is simply absurd. Fancy a little, dark eyed, bewitching five feet nothing having a name like that!

My name is John, and John I'm always called. Had I been christened Robert or Thomas I should have been called by either of those plain, sensible names. There is nothing for the imagination to catch hold of in my face or figure. I'm not 6 feet in my stockings. I'm only 5 feet 10. I haven't "crisp golden hair" and a "tawny beard." No, my eyes, hair and beard are brown, and for the rest I have nondescript features and good teeth. Moreover, as I said before, I have a temper, a vile one, and in all things, apart from my profession, am a born fool.

It was over a game of tennis that Aunt Betsy Jane made us quarrel. Witch didn't play up, and I "slated" her. I've "slated" Witch ever since I've known her, and I've known her since she was 10, so she ought to ter of that, she wouldn't have bothered her head about it if it hadn't been for my beloved aunt. Witch slates me ferociously sometimes, but it never makes any difference.

Well, it was at one of Mrs. Dougal's "at homes" that the row began. Witch, Miss White, Dougal and Miss White were against us. As a rule. Witch licks the other girl into fits, but on this occasion, for some reason or the other, she missed nearly every ball. I was annoyed, and I expressed myself perhaps a ing one whit stronger than I've said scores of times without any offense this story. Besides I was only 6 being taken. Be that as it may, | years old when she was christened Witch refused to play any more and sat down by Aunt Betsy Jane.

I am a doctor, and soon after that some one called me away. It was a bad case, and I didn't get home till midnight. In the dining .room some cold meat and beer were waiting for me; so was a note from Witch. I ate a mouthful and drank a glass of beer. Then I opened the note. For a moment I felt as if I had a knife in my heart. It was such a cruel stab. Witch-my little Richmond and Hampton and then Witch-would have nothing more to do with me. My conduct at Mrs. Dougal's had proved to her that she no longer possessed my respect, and without respect love was not likely to last long, etc. She ended by saying that she would have returned my ring, but could not remove it from her finger, but that she would get the jeweler to cut it off tomorrow. I smiled a grim smile at the last sentence. I had no intention of allowing that ring to be cut off.

The lovely effusion puzzled me altogether. It wasn't in Witch's usual style. Naturally a note of that kind coming from her would have run in this way: "John, I hate and detest you and hope you'll keep out of my sight forever," or something like it. Well, I went to bed. I was such an ass that I never slept a wink all night. But I made up my mind what I would do. I got up early and made a good breakfast. Then I went into the surgery, saw my assistant, talked over the cases and told him I should be away all day. After that I went to town, straight to Witch's father's office. He hadn't arrived, but his people knew me and showed me into his private room. He and I are great friends-always have been. So it was quite natural for me to go to him for advice, or rather to talk over things. When he came in, he seemed rather' surprised at seeing me, but after we had shaken hands he looked over his letters, gave some directions to his clerk, and then, turning to me, said, "Now, John!"

"Can you spare me half an hour,

"As far as I know. 'Go ahead." "Well, I'm making £500 a year, and my practice is increasing.' "That's good."

"Don't you think Witch and I might marry on that?"

"Certainly." "You have no objection to our roic. Both morally and physically marrying next month, if she con-

rents:" "None. I have no wish that she should marry at all, but, if she | boat, except when I got up and must marry, I'd rather she married stretched myself, till 8 o'clock: It

you than any one else." "Thank you, sir, for saying that! Thank you very much!" said I gratefully, seizing his hand and wringing it hard.

"Just so," said he, removing it from my grasp and looking anxiously at it.

"But why this fervor?" I put Witch's precious epistle in front of him. He read it twice through attentively, put it down and, looking calmly at me, said: "Very interesting, but scarcely to

be regarded as a prelude to very speedy matrimony, I should think. "Ah, but it is, sir. A girl doesn't write a note like that and have done with it. No, she continues to write them. I shall probably get a similar note once a month now, and that will be very tiring. I give you my word that I did not sleep a wink all last night. The practice won't stand that sort of thing long, you know,"

said I earnestly. "You seem to have an accurate knowledge of women and their ways," he remarked dryly.

I allowed that speech to pass without comment. Comment seemed

"If I might ask, I should like to know whom you consider in fault in this little misunderstanding?" he

"I am, sir. It stands to reason. I should not be so anxious if she were in fault." And then I explained the whole matter, finishing up with, 'I can't remember exactly what I called her: but, whatever it was, I didn't mean it."

"I am not able to refresh your memory as to what you said on that occasion, but I can tell you what I have heard you call her myself," said Mr. Druitt quietly, and then he told me.

His tone was a revelation to me. Not that I'd call Witch anything worse than "little fool," but I realized what it must have sounded like to the hearers and to him, her father. I don't know how I looked, but I felt mean, cheap, worthlessutterly so. I began to stumble out apologies. He waved his hand.

"All right," he said, "but you see your language is at times forcible." He is a wise man, so he said no more. He showed his wisdom therein, for I went at once to see Witch in a very contrite frame of have got used to it. For the mat- mind. I was ready to make a mat of myself and let my darling trample on me if it should so please her, or to do any other extravagant thing, such was the depth of my humility. Still, as I journeyed Putneyward I pondered as to who could have stirred up the strife between us. Suddenly it flashed across my and I were playing tennis. Dougal | mind that Witch had seated herself beside Aunt Betsy Jane and that Aunt Betsy Jane was her godmother, and therefore licensed to interfere. I am not going to explain how Aunt Betsy Jane came to be Witch's godmother. I am not a little more strongly than I cught to lady novelist, and therefore don't have done, but I'm sure I said noth- think it necessary to explain everything. It has nothing to do with

and wasn't consulted as to her sponsors. To be sure, it must have been Aunt Betsy Jane who suggested the letter.

When I arrived at the Cedars, it was about 12 o'clock. If all went well, peace would reign between Witch and myself in an hour, and, if so, I would take her off to Richmond, get a boat from Messum's, row up the river, come to anchor in a backwater I knew of between make her name the day. But things didn't go well. They went exceedingly badly instead. When Amelia (Amelia is the Druitts' housemaid) opened the door and I inquired for Witch, she said gravely:

"Miss Druitt is not well, sir, but I'll tell her you're here."

Then she showed me into the dining room. This was ominous. In the Druitt's menage it is customary to see people who come on business -dressmakers, laundresses, servants seeking places-in the dining room before lunch. Amelia left me and went up stairs. I rapidly diagnosed the situation. I took out my pocketbook and wrote, "My darling, I shall wait in the old boat at the end of the lawn till you can see me," and then I signed it "John."

Amelia came back. "If you please, sir, Miss Druitt does not feel equal to seeing you today, but will write to you tonight."

"Exactly," said I quietly. "Can you give me an envelope? Thanks! Give that to Miss Druitt, please." The maid left the room, and I went into the garden. At the bottom of the garden ran the river, and on the river, chained to a post, was an old boat. It was seldom used, as the spot was not picturesque, but it was secluded, hidden both from the house and from passing boats by thick, drooping willows. It was here that Witch and I had come to the conclusion that we could not live without each other. Isat down in the boat, feeling very wrathy with Witch and bitter against Aunt Betsy Jane. I would have given much to know if she was in the house at that moment. I thought out all I had heard of the days of her youth. I felt mean and spiteful. I bethought me of an old incident in her life wherein Aunt Betsy Jane had sailed very near the wind and had a narrow escape of social wreck. I ought to

have forgotten it, but I am not he-

I am commonplace—that is to say,

if I'm struck, I hit back, or try to.

Would you believe it, I sat in that

was nearly dark, and when I heard the clock strike I swore to myself that if Witch did not appear before the chiming of the quarter I would row the old boat down to the bridge, give a boy sixpence to bring it back again, and-well, when Witch wanted me she might send for me. That

It must have been very near the quarter when I saw stealing down the garden, her head and shoulders wrapped up in a white cloud, my Witch. A least I thought so at first, but I soon saw it wasn't. It was some one more kin and less kind. Nevertheless, as the form drew near, peering about in the dusk, I sprang forward, caught her in my arms and kissed her. She struggled, but I held her fast. She had no breath with which to utter a sound. She could only listen to my ardent-far more ardent than I ever bestowed on Witch-expressions of affection.

"My darling," I went on, "I know you would never have made such a little fool of yourself if it hadn't been for that malicious catamaran, Aunt Betsy Jane." The form within my arms struggled. I was holding her tightly, or my face might have suffered. "But I'll tell you a tale, dear, about her. I'm the only living soul that knows, now old nurse is dead." You couldn't hear the form breathe, so still was it. I went on: "Aunt Betsy Jane is 45 now"-the form wriggled. "About 25 years ago"-I could hear her heart beat. I relented. "No. Witch, I will not tell you that story. You have come to me, and I can afford to pity Aunt Betsy Jane. She was badly used when she was young, and she can't bear to see people happy now she is old.'

The form muttered. I opened my arms. "Want to fetch something, dear? You shall; only come back at once, or I shall feel like telling that old tale about Aunt Betsy Jane."

She scuttled off to the house, and in a minute or two Witch came down the garden in a very dignified manner. I let her come right to the edge of the water and peer about. I knew she couldn't see me. Presently she said anxiously:

"John!" My heart jumped, but I didn't intend to give myself away, so I simply said, "Well!" But she didn't intend to give herself away either. She turned. Then I saw that I had my work cut out for me.

"Stay, Witch! I'm in the boat." I exclaimed in a tone of deepest entreaty as I scrambled on shore. She paused. I caught hold of her hand. 'Witch," I cried reproachfully, "I've been waiting here for nearly eight hours, and I'm so faint I can hardly speak."

That fetched her. A woman will go cheerfully for hours without a crumb, do yards and yards of shopping on a halfpenny bun and think nothing of it, but let a man only say that he has missed his lunch, and she makes as much fuss over him as if he had suffered the martyrdom

"You poor thing!" exclaimed my darling. "Come in at once and have something to eat."
"No, Witch," I said faintly, but

firmly. "You must forgive me." "Forgive you? Of course I forgive you. I didn't know you had been here all that time. Do come in at once, or you'll die, I know you

will." But I stuck to my guns, and I didn't go indoors until I had made Witch promise that we should be married that day month. Then I consented to go in and work a mighty havor among the eatables.

Aunt Betsy Jane came to our wedding and made us a handsome present. Then she went to live with some friends in the north. I think the poor old soul had had some suspicion that I knew her story, and so tried to part me and Witch. She took my note from Amelia in the morning and kept it for that reason. My darling did not know I was in the boat until Aunt Betsy Jane came in from the garden and told her.

But I have never told my wife a word. It isn't wise to tell your wife all the little peccadillos of your friends and relatives.—Daughter.

The Bird.

Little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes. The air in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh and glows with air in its flying like blown flame. It rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it, and in its throat is the voice of the air. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its voice rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture at daybreak or twittering and lisping among boughs and hedges through heat of day like little winds, that ruffle the petals of the wild rose. Also on the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air, the gold of the cloud that cannot be gathered, the vernilion of the cloud bar, the flame of the cloud crest, the snow and the shadow and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky. All these woven into plumes, following and fading along breast and throat and opened wings, And so the spirit of the air is put into this created form and becomes through the condities the symbol of the art, to bless the

. the Greek flying a and the bird has The com- $(-1, 1, 1, \dots, 1, 1, \dots, 1, 1, \dots, 1, 1, \dots, 1, \dots,$

British Admiralty Red Tape. Every one who has to do with the admiralty is familiar with amusing tales of the glorification of red tape. Here is the very latest. Some time ago a workman in one of the dockyards lost a government candlestick, valued at a few pence. This was considered sufficient excuse for a report by the local officials to Whitehall. A long correspondence of the approved government office type ensued, and it is estimated that not less than £5 was spent in the officials' time, ink and paper. After every aspect of the case had been weighed the workman was directed to pay the local officials the sum of fivepence, being the value set upon this particular candlestick. Of course, if the man had been in private employment, little or no notice would have been taken of such a triviality, or, at most, he would have paid his foreman the value. without any red tapeism .- Westminster Gazette.

Rank In Prussia.

A Prussian master of ceremonies would have a fit if he were asked to marshal the guests in the English way, says the Amsterdam Handelsblad, and it proceeds to show how the order of rank was at the reception in Buckingham palace. First came the archbishops, then the dukes and duchesses, marquises and marchionesses, earls and countesses, lords and ladies, bishops, barons, right honorables and honorables, county councilors, the lower clergy, the medical profession and, last, the admirals, captains, commanders and naval lieutenants, to be followed by field marshals, generals and other army officers. In Prussia the military men rank first, noblemen without military rank and without official position "take a back seat" and the clergy are remanded still farther in the rear

- Mudge : "Which is proper to say, 'lend me ten dollars,' or 'loan me ten dollars ?' ' Wickwire : "It won't do you any good to say either."

- "Why, I'd like to know," said a lady to a Judge, "cannot a woman become a successful lawyer?" "Because she's too fond of giving her opinion without pay," answered the



The story is told of a young married wo-man, who asked another young married woman how she managed to get along so amicably with her husband. The answer was, "I feed the brute—his stomach with food and his mind with flattery." Even a man will have to admit that this young woman had solved about two-thirds of the art of making the average man happy. The other third consists of keeping his body in such condition that he will enjoy his food and his mind in such condition that he will be susceptible to flattery. It isn't much use to put tempting food before a man who hasn't an appetite. It doesn't pay to lavish smiles on a man whose nerves are racked and overworked.

The average man pays very little attention to his health, and won't take medicine of his own accord until he is flat on his back. A shrewd wife will keep an eye on her hus-band's welfare in this respect, and when she sees that he is bilions or suffering from she sees that he is bilious or suffering from indigestion, or is generally out of sorts, will see that he resorts to that most wonderful of all invigorators, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best of all appetite sharpeners, blood makers and flesh-builders. It corrects all disorders of the digestion and makes the liver active and the blood pure. It tones the nerwise and the blood pure. It tones the nerves and cures all cases of nervous exhaustion and prostration. It cures o8 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchial, throat and kindred ailments. Medicine dealers sell it. MINUTEU AHMENTS. Medicine dealers sell it.

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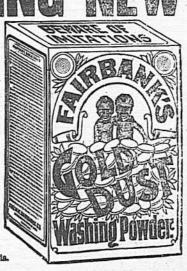
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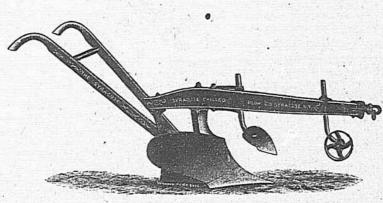
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umbia and Upper South Carolina, North

CONDENSED SCHEDULE. GOING EAST No. 53. GOING WEST. 7 00 am | Lv.. 1 58 am

..Ar | 9 25 pm ..Ar | 7 48 pm ..Ar | 6 35 pm ..Lv | 5 15 pm ..Lv | 3 13 pm .. Prosperity. Clinton | 12 50 pm | Ar. | Clinton | Lv | 2 10 pm | 1 15 pm | Ar | Laurens | Lv | 1 45 pm | 3 00 pm | Ar | Greenville | Lv | 11 50 am | 3 00 pm | Ar | Spartanburg | Lv | 11 40 am | 5 15 pm | Ar | Winnsboro | S. C. | Lv | 11 41 am | 5 20 pm | Ar | Charlotte | N. C. | Lv | 9 35 am | 6 63 pm | Ar | Hendersonville | N. C. | Lv | 9 15 am | 7 00 pm | Ar | Asheville | N. C. | Lv | 8 20 am | "Daily. Nos. 52 and 53 Solid Trains between Charleston

H. M. EMERON,
Gen'l. Passenger Agent
J. R. KENLEY, General Munisper.
T. M. FMERSON, Traffic Manager.